

# BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XIV.

GREAT BEND, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1897.

NUMBER 17.

## OUR OLD IOWA HOME.

Some Things we Saw, and Many Things We Learned on a Two Weeks' Visit.



HE fish which we caught in our beardless youth are larger than those we catch today; the brooks and the streams, clear as living truth, are broader, deeper, and farther away. The hills we then climbed have collapsed, forsooth, and are now but slight knolls to the view; the valleys are narrower, shorter than then—though the grass is as green, it is true. The flowers we gathered on hill and in vale—the berries which sparkled with dew—the old hick'ry tree which breasted the gale—the swimming holes we so well knew—all have gone with our youth, all have changed with the years, and in memory only are known; but no joys and no sorrows, no smiles and no tears, can efface them from memory's stone.

Truly early environment has much to do with the formation of character. The scenes and experiences of our early youth engrave themselves upon the tablets of our memories so deep and clear that all the ups and downs of a struggle with the world, all the vicissitudes of later years will not wear them away, and we have only to brush aside the covering of accumulated experiences to again bring out clear and distinct the records engraved by the seemingly unimportant circumstances of our youth.

Recently it was our pleasure to visit the place where our childhood days were spent, and a priceless pleasure it was indeed, one that no man or woman should neglect to avail themselves of at the earliest opportunity, for it broadens the mind, lightens the heart, enlarges the bump of human kindness and gives one a clearer conception of animate man and the grandeur of inanimate nature.

On Monday afternoon we landed in the little country hamlet of Lancaster, Keokuk county, Iowa; five miles from a railroad station, and for one solid week at least, a thousand miles from the monotonous grind of a country editor's life and the routine work that falls to the lot of Uncle Sam's temporary servants.

Picture in your minds eye a quiet little village composed of a dozen or more ancient cottages with here and there a modern addition; situated upon a prominent rise that stretches along between two rivers—the north and south branches of the Skunk, a river which traverses some of the most magnificent farming country on earth—surrounded by prosperous and valuable farms whose broad acres have been cleared of stately trees and dense under brush by the indomitable energy of the sturdy manhood that makes up the personnel of the early pioneer; a sleepy country hamlet whose citizens have never been awakened by the shrill scream of a passenger engine or the rumble of a heavy freight train, where no dreams of coming greatness through possible real estate booms disturb their slumbers or awaken ambition, and you have old Lancaster, the place where the first dozen or more years of our recollection were spent; where we dreamed over the long words in the old blue-backed speller and learned to diagram sentences with sausage links, sing "the State of Maine, Augusta is on the Kennebec river—e-r" and all the rest of the states and capitals to the same monotonous tune; where our boyish heart swelled with patriotic fervor as we recited "Lorenzo's address to the Romans" or was filled with gloom as we waded laboriously through the melancholy cadences of "Poe's Raven."

The little old school house, of our childhood, about 20x30, with its straight hard wood desks and backless recitation seats, has been moved away and the play ground is a cornfield, while the building itself now forms a part of farmer Charlie Johnson's (Charlie used to, and still does, pronounce it "Yonson") commodious barn.

A handsome two story frame school house, with all modern accommodations now adorns what was once the public square, and the children of the neighboring farmers are studying the same rudiments of knowledge it once seemed so hard for us to master.

Doubtless the boys and girls of today are often filled with the same longing desires to steal away from gaudy irksome studies and go blackberrying in the wooded dells, or fishing and swimming in the nearby streams that once were the most enticing and beautiful spots on earth to us, and are still picturesque and alluring.

Although it has been years since we left the old home, there had, through all those years, been a hungry longing in our heart to see more visit it. We longed to hunt up the old friends, the old places so dear to childhood; to seek out the old by-paths and again sit upon the banks of the streams where so many happy hours were spent, to wander over the hills and through the shaded valleys, and look again upon the spots we then thought most interesting. The pleasure of anticipation was great; the realization was well worth the hundreds of miles of tiresome travel to experience. We did not expect to find things as we left them over a quarter of a century ago; we expected changes and anticipated some disappointments.

But the changes were mostly in inanimate nature. Many of the old houses were gone; the hills had apparently shrunk; the miles were shorter; creeks and flowing springs had disappeared; only a few gigantic timbers rotting in the sand and a pile of rock and drift-wood marked the site of the old mill-race and dam; neighboring orchards which we haunted on summer nights had entirely disappeared. On our father's old place the only thing which remained of what we left there was an old apple tree, riven by storms and bowed down with the weight of years of usefulness. All other trees and buildings—the gigantic elms where we had our swing, the spring house and the grape arbor, the rows of red currants and the walks bordered with flowers—all were gone and the whole place so changed that it might have been in another world for all resemblance it had to its appearance of former years. But the neighbor's old well, where we laboriously wound up many and many a bucket of pure, ice-cold water, with a wooden windlass, still remains to quench the thirst of all. Dug some sixty feet into the ground and walled with stone, the well itself looks the same, although the old wooden curb and windlass have long ago given way to the iron pulley and two bucket method.

The people we found less changed than the topography of the country. Many of the old residents of the neighborhood are still there; but alas, many are gone to join

"The innumerable caravan  
Which moves to that mysterious realm  
Where each takes up his chamber  
In the silent halls of death."

They are a hospitable people; large hearted, warm in friendship and rich in those attributes which go to sweeten life. Those who were of middle age when we left the place we found but little changed, the hair was whiter, the eyes sometimes not so clear or the hands so steady—but the hearts seemed as warm and the memories strong. The withering blast that often results from struggles with the outside world had never touched many of the old residents, and they are infinitely happier than such has been their lot.

The young folks—boys and girls with whom we went to school—were changed, of course. Many of their faces still retained the characteristics of feature we remembered of their youth. Many were gone—scattered to the four corners of the earth, building them homes in other states; some of them—many of them we are proud to say—gaining fame and fortune in the professions and financial world. Of those who remain, most have acquired valuable farms or are engaged in earning an honest livelihood in the trades and professions. All are hospitable, wholesome and generally religious.

We could have spent a month visiting the old friends and neighbors, and still had urgent invitations to other places. A week was far too short. Many a day was lengthened to the midnight hour as we sat in the comfortable homes and talked of the early days; recalled the escapades of youth and told again the stories which our fathers told of pioneer experiences. Indeed it was "good to be there," and the hope that the good we received through this visit to our old home, the enlargement of ideas, the sweeping away of the cob-

webs which gather in the brain, may induce some of our readers to indulge themselves in a like visit to their childhood homes, is our excuse for writing thus at length concerning matters which would seem but personal.

A bonafide harvest will place in the hands of many of you the means to make such a visit. Make it, and you will never regret it.

Doubtless many of our readers were, formerly from Iowa, or have relatives there, and would be interested in hearing from the state in general. We spent half a day in Fort Madison, a day and a night in Washington, half a day in Ottumwa, a day and a night in Fairfield, and part of a day and a night in Sigourney. Everywhere we found true Iowa hospitality—that genial, open friendship so common among western people, whether relatives, friends or strangers.

Those cities mentioned all have a lively, prosperous appearance considering the depressed times, and the people with whom we talked all expressed themselves hopeful of the promised abundant crops bringing renewed business. Iowa is a state of wonderful resources. Corn is their staple of agriculture, and stock raising is general. Clover and blue-grass abound; coal and wood are plentiful; the state has few acres but what are productive. Yet the state is deeply in debt, caused, we are told, by long years of such corrupt political rule as Kansas was once cursed with. But Iowa will be redeemed; she is now preparing to throw off the political yoke that has so long galled her, and her common people—the farmers and laborers who make up her best and most valuable citizenship—are uniting in the state election this fall under the common and most popular banner of "Free Coinage of Silver and Industrial Emancipation," with that noble, trustworthy, unflinching statesman and farmer, the Hon. Fred White, of Keokuk county, as their candidate for governor.

Crops in Iowa are backward; corn, we were told, was a month behind what it ought to be, owing to a cold and wet spring. Much of the corn had to be re-planted, some of it the third time. Oats was not a big crop, but the tame hay crop was immense. Prices for all farm products were a little better than in Kansas, because they are a little nearer the Chicago market than are Barton County farmers. We are proud of Iowa, our native state, and hope to see more of her in future years.

### Is He a Pick-Pocket?

Sunday afternoon one, Tom Guthrie who has been in the county but a short time, but who was here with a threshing outfit last year, was arrested charged with picking the pocket of Burgess Wall, who says his home is in Oklahoma, and who has been working through harvest for Oscar Smith of the south side. Guthrie was tried before Justice Ogle Monday, and on the evidence brought out was bound over to the district court under \$300 bonds. Wall says, and the evidence strongly holds out the assertion, that while sleeping off the effects of a Saturday night and Sunday morning spree at the Hotel Green, Guthrie entered his room and picked his pockets for some thing over \$15.00. The evidence showed that Guthrie was practically "broke" on Saturday night and Sunday morning but had something over \$10 Sunday afternoon. One witness swore that Guthrie told him he had "touched" the old man, (Wall) for the money. Guthrie says he will have friends here to go his bail.

### Will Suffer No More.

On Thursday, July 8, 1897, Mrs. Elizabeth E. Gillis, wife of C. B. Gillis, passed from earthly suffering, after long years of illness, aged 49 years, 9 months and twenty-four days. Deceased was born in Hillsdale county, Michigan, and was married October 19, 1869, and came to Great Bend in 1877 with her husband, making this her home since then. Her mother and her sister, Mrs. Miles Babb, are both buried at this place, and she leaves no other known relatives. She was a member of the M. E. church. Funeral services were held from the family residence at 3 p. m. July 9th, the exercises being conducted by Rev. J. A. Bixler of the M. E. church. A large circle of friends and acquaintances extend to the bereaved husband their deepest sympathy.

You can pretty near tell what farmers have their grain in the stack, from the satisfied smile on their faces.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

The heated spell was broken Friday night by a most welcome rain. Jake Baker, at Pawnee Rock, commenced threshing Wednesday.

The commissioners proceedings in full in this issue of the DEMOCRAT.

The long dry spell has cut off the hay supply to a considerable extent.

It is reported that Frank Wilson got his face cut—chewing Battle Ax tobacco—see?

H. C. Welsh, father of W. R., arrived from the east Monday for a short visit with his son.

Frank Redfield and Dan Williams, of Ellinwood, were up to Masonic lodge Friday evening.

S. A. Young is home from his position as station agent at Timbim, on the Great Bend branch.

Deputy Postmaster J. W. A. Coebe, of Ellinwood, was doing business in Great Bend Saturday.

H. A. Cheney returned Monday from an extended business trip in Colorado and New Mexico.

Several threshing machines commenced work last Thursday, in the west and north part of the county.

John Bement, of west Clarence was in town Thursday. He said there was still lots of wheat to be cut in that locality.

When you market your wheat don't forget the printer. We have been "waiting until after harvest" for several years.

Thornton Langford says he believes he can stand on a knoll on his farm in Eureka township and count 1,000 wheat stacks in sight.

The town was full of harvesters Saturday afternoon and evening, and some of them were full of beer—too full for their own good.

Jimmie Hayse came out from the eastern part of the state last Saturday, to visit friends here. Jim has been dodging about considerably since he left here some months ago.

Representative Isom Wright is still laid up with what appears to be sciatic rheumatism. While he is able to get around a little, he is not in condition to do a bit of work.

Mrs. Emma Welch and children, of Independence, Missouri, and Mrs. Harry Morgan and children, of Kansas City, came out the first of the week to visit with relatives here for a month.

Col. Tom L. Powers, formerly a newspaper man of Ellinwood, but of late years a resident of Sterling, where he is said to have fallen heir to large property interests.

W. H. Varah was down from Millard Thursday evening. He finished cutting wheat that morning, and thinks he will have upwards of 3,000 bushels. Says there was much wheat up that way yet to cut; grasshoppers and chinch bugs had in the corn, and dry, hot days might hard on the constitution.

Sterling might be called the Ellinwood of Rice county, but our Barton neighbor may object to our trying to outdo her in the matter of "treating" our visitors well when they come to see us.—Sterling Democrat.

No objection at all, neighbor. You could not do it no matter how hard you may try, so long as Bro. Junkin remains in your town to protest against "treating" visitors right.

A harvester came into the postoffice the other day and asked for his mail, saying he "had ordered it forwarded to Larned." When Zute told him this was not Larned, out Great Bend, he seemed puzzled; said he left Kinsley the day before, and was told that if he followed the Santa Fe railroad coming east the first town he saw along the line would be Larned. He followed the directions, and as this was the first town he struck it must be Larned.

Erick Cole tells a story on Louis Zimmert which aptly illustrates the kind of weather dished up to us the past few weeks. Louis is the sexton at the Great Bend cemetery, and was digging a grave the other day, about the time Old Sol was straight overhead. Louis dug a bit and stopped to swab his reeking face a bit, then dug some more. Finally as he grew hotter and hotter as he got into mother earth, he stopped, and as he mopped the streaming sweat from his broad countenance, remarked: "Vel, tammit, I believ I have dig de wrong va; I better dig oop a wile."

## Try the DEMOCRAT 6 months 50 cts

A lodge which has a quorum these days is a good one.

O. R. Kackley is now located at Kansas City, Kansas.

Fred Zutavern was able to be out riding the first of the week.

Joe Ewalt has opened a restaurant at Hoisington in the McMahon building.

Miss Nellie Jones camp home Monday from a weeks visit in Ellinwood.

Sand-hill plums are becoming quite plentiful on the market, at 50 cents a bushel.

Karl Kregel, the Olmitz miller and merchant, was doing business in town last Monday.

Mrs. J. M. Donley and daughter Mrs. Blanche Bolinger, are visiting relatives in Knoxville Iowa.

Judge Teeple was up from Ellinwood Tuesday, marketing his cherries of which he has a goodly supply.

Elsewhere notice the new advertisement of Mr. S. Bush, the wagon maker. Mr. Bush guarantees to do good work at hard times prices.

The median show has pitched its tent just south of the electric light works, and is holding forth to appreciate audiences every night.

William Leach once an old time resident of Great Bend, writes from his present home at Tacoma Washington, to inquire about old friends here.

The saloon keepers in Great Bend took a rest Sunday, the mayor ordering all places to be closed on account of there being so many tough characters about.

Bills are out announcing a sale of stock and farm implements to be held on July 30th, by J. H. Reints, at his farm two miles north and one mile west of Odin.

Dr. Coe's Sanitarium stands at the head of all institutions for the treatment of medical and surgical cases. Be examined by Dr. Coe's special examiner at Hotel Greene.

C. H. Mayer, the Olmitz coal dealer and real estate man was a caller Thursday. See Mr. Mayer's ad in our Olmitz department. You will receive fair treatment by calling on him.

As the wheat harvest is about over our life and enterprising correspondents are finding time to again assist in making the DEMOCRAT columns more acceptable to the general public.

H. J. Webber plead guilty to assault and battery in Justice Jennison's court and was fined \$30 and costs for the satisfaction he may have had in firing a paper weight at an attorney.

W. H. Fuller and J. H. Milliken, two implement salesmen, were selling our readers a supply of their goods Monday. They are unanimous in their belief that Barton county at least has a "golden" appearance.

Last Sunday was "dry" in Ellinwood, for the first time in the history of the town. It is said there were so many harvest hands and other strangers in town that the authorities thought best to close all the saloons.

Dell Decker, accompanied by his son and daughter came up from the farm in Reno county this week to help thresh in Barton. He says his corn, and most of the corn from Partidge south to the state line, had gone up in the dry spell.

Miss Mattie Barnes, of Kansas City, Missouri, is in the city visiting with the family of C. B. Morgans. Miss Barnes is a daughter of Mr. A. S. Barnes who lived on a farm near Ira Brougher's, south of the river. She notices great changes in Great Bend since she left here seventeen years ago.

Frank Strothman suggests that the wheat raisers of this county should, by concert of action, as soon as possible burn all the wheat stubble and thus kill off myriads of young grasshoppers that would otherwise remain to multiply and do more damage next year. Is not the suggestion a good one?

A Sabbath or two since, a tramp applied for food at the door of one of the wealthy families in Great Bend, the mistress of which was piously inclined. She handed him a piece of bread without butter, saying, "Not for my sake nor for thy sake, but for the dear Savior's sake." The tramp examined it closely and noticing the lack of butter, replied: "Not for my sake nor for thy sake, but for God's sake put some butter on this bread." The tramp is not slow to detect pious cant.—La Crosse Republican.

## BY SHOT GUN ROUTE.

A Young Clarence Township Farmer Shoots Himself.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock last Thursday forenoon John McCaffery, aged about 18 years, son of James McCaffery, killed himself in his bed room at his father's house, near Pawnee Rock, and 12 miles west of Great Bend.

The young man had been sickly, subject to epileptic fits, most of his life, and not able to do any work. Thursday morning he was out to where some men were working in the wheat, and seemed to be all right. He went back to the house, and was going to Pawnee Rock for the mail, but concluded not to go until after dinner. He went to his bed room, and shortly afterward his mother heard a shot. Upon going to the room young McCaffery was found lying on the floor dead, with an ugly hole in his left side. The charge from a shot gun, held so close to the body that it burned his clothes, had entered his left breast over the heart.

Death may have been suicidal, or it may have been accidental—no one will ever know, as the boy was alone at the time. His long years of suffering may have caused him to seek rest beyond the dark waters. While quite a charge to the family, he was still beloved by them, and his terrible taking off is a source of grief to his relatives and friends.

Funeral services were conducted at Pawnee Rock at 2 p. m., Friday the 9th inst., and the remains interred in the Pawnee Rock cemetery.

## Starts Out Right.

The new editor of the Ellinwood Advocate, Mr. M. M. Osborn, starts out right on the great and vital issues of the day. In his salutatory of last week he states his position as follows:

"An object to be greatly desired is that the masses think more for themselves, to the end that they may not accept the declarations and conclusions of leading men and journals without analyzing and understanding them. There is no question of public policy too complicated for the average mind if properly presented and examined according to the plain rules of common sense.

"We respect the restive captive bound in chains, but the supine slave, who is happy in the conquerer's hand and willingly plays to amuse his master, the worst calamity that can befall an individual or a people to be contented with the partialism of the present. It is not because a person is ignorant that we sorrow, but that he is satisfied with ignorance and thinks he is wise. Those who conserve the good of the past, and seek to enfold themselves in the grander possibilities of the future, are the vital roots of social, moral and political progress. All such will find that the pulse of the Advocate beats in unison with their own.

While the Advocate will be an organ of the democratic party, its object will be to advance principles to a point of preferment with its readers rather than individuals. We shall ever aim to appeal to the reason of our friends and supporters, ever ready and willing to listen to advice and counsel.

"We desire to state that whatever appears in the editorial columns will be our sentiments alone, pure and simple. The paper is not controlled by anyone outside of this office.

"As a party organ, we shall endeavor to nominate principals and let the party nominate men." The devotees of bimetalism will find the Advocate their trustworthy friend, ever cutting to pieces the objections to that doctrine, with the falcon of reason and irrefutable facts."

THE Hutchinson News man, Billy Morgan, last week made a trip up west through Barton, Rush and Ness counties, and seemed surprised that he did not find the people half naked, half starved and wholly uncivilized. He doubtless knew he was going into and through a solid strong-hold of free-silverites, and was surprised that he did not find the natives all that he and his republican newspaper brethren have been depicting them. If more republican editors would rub up against the honest yeomanry of Kansas they would not be inclined to jump into a tirade of abuse of their opinions at the slightest provocation.

LET us have no bickering among silver forces of Barton county. Let each element trust each other fairly, and victory will follow.